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From the *Liberator.*
Voting for Disunion at the Ballot-Box.

The following are the remarks offered on this subject by EDWARD QUINCY, before the last Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society:

The resolution is on the duty of abolitionists, with regard to political action under the Constitution of the United States. I suppose that almost all of those who listen to me now, are aware of the position which abolitionists of the American and of the Massachusetts A. S. Societies occupy, with regard to the Constitution and the Union. I suppose that you all know that in the course of our history, we looked about to see where we stood with regard to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

and to see what we could do to remove it, in due time we discovered that we ourselves were among the main supporters of slavery; that our shoulders were underneath the inverted cone which was standing upon its apex in this country, and threatening us with destruction. We found that the very first thing which we, as abolitionists had to do, was to take away our support from that institution. It was as Frederick Douglass said, "You have your feet upon our necks, and our demand is to take them off."

We looked at the Constitution, and found that, by the provisions which it makes to sustain slavery, which protected the slave-trade for twenty years, which made slavery a national institution, which gave the whole domination of the whole country to a small oligarchy of slaveholders, and which pledged the whole physical force of the entire nation to put down a servile revolution, if it should break forth; when we discovered that this was what the Constitution required, and that men could not enter into public office without swearing to support the Constitution, we found that we could not swear to do these things, resolving not to do them. We could not escape from this by verbal equivocation, or by mental reservation, and we therefore refused to accept office, because we should be obliged to swear to support that Constitution. By another step, by precisely the same course of reasoning, we discovered that what we could not do ourselves, we could not do by attorney; and therefore, we arrived at that further truth, that not only may we not accept an office which requires an oath to support the Constitution, but we may not appoint another to take that oath, and do that work for us. That is the position in which this Society now stands.

The resolution before us is one which has been brought before the meeting by one of the most faithful, uncompromising friends of abolition in the country, who supposes that there is a way in which abolitionists may vote, without compromising their principles, and may thus do a greater work by a testimony, as our friend calls it, against the existence of slavery, by recording a vote in this particular manner—that abolitionists shall vote only for such persons pledged not to accept office; that their candidates shall be persons who are notoriously pledged not to accept office in the possible contingency of election. That has been the subject of discussion this afternoon.

It seems to me, sir, that there are objections to this plan of my friend, deeper than those arising from expediency—of a more vital character to our fidelity to our principles, to the consistency of our conduct. It is said that voting, in itself, is a right thing; that there is no harm in dropping a piece of paper, of a particular form and reasonable size, into a particular box of wood. I fully assent to that proposition, of course. So there was nothing wrong in the mere act of the Governor of the State, to-day, in signing a piece of paper, which piece of paper is the commission of Col. Caleb Cushing. The mere act of dipping his pen into the ink, and writing upon a piece of paper, has nothing wrong in it. But there is something very wrong signified by that act. There is nothing wrong in the mere act of cutting a rope; but when, in consequence of cutting a rope; a trap-door falls, and a human being is launched into eternity, it becomes a serious matter. So it is with depositing a ballot in the box; and the more act has, in itself, nothing wrong, but it may become something wrong by the fact of which it is the outward symbol. Now what is voting under the Constitution? The act of depositing a ballot in a ballot-box, is not simply limited by that act. It is the highest of sovereignty. In this country, the people are the recognized sovereigns. The will of the people, signified in the manner which they have themselves directed, is the will of the sovereign. The officers of the government are the ministers, the servants, of this sovereign power, appointed in the manner which they have themselves pointed out. The act of voting at the ballot-box is the act by which the sovereign of the country appoints his ministers.

This is a matter of fact, not of opinion.

The necessary results of the act of voting are decided by the Constitution itself. What is the Constitution? Why, it is the charter, by which the sovereign has limited his own powers. The sovereign being absolute, having absolute control of his political power, of life and death, he limits his own power by a charter. This is done in the old world; it has been done over and over again. We have done it in this country, only the sovereigns were many, instead of one. The sovereigns have limited their power by this charter; and when they vote under that charter, the meaning of that act is to be determined by what that charter contains. By that act, he has not renounced, but limited his sovereignty. He cannot hold his seat upon the throne, and abdicate it at the same time. The Constitution of the United States is the commission of the servant, by which the sovereign indicates what it is his pleasure that he should do. The Constitution, containing these plausibilities, is the commission by which the sovereign directs his servant what he is to do; and when he comes to the ballot-box, he takes up his paper sceptre, and indicates this man

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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or that man to do his will. He may not say, I do not mean that he shall do these very things. Voting is a legal act.

There are those in this country, who have set up the opinion, that the Constitution is a dogma, a belief, to which every man may apply his own standard, his own vagaries of belief. But any man who knows anything about the application of law to life, knows that the Constitution is a law, the highest rule of civil action, and is to be interpreted according to the received rules for the interpretation of laws, and its meaning is to be determined by the tribunal it has itself erected for that purpose.

It seems to me, therefore, that the abolitionists, holding these sentiments with regard to the Constitution of the United States, would forgo us from appointing persons to do these things, when we know that they will not do them. It seems to me, that it is not, in the highest sense, good faith to enter into a course of political action of this kind. It seems to me, that there is no alternative between acting under this Constitution as it is, appointing men to act under it as it is received, and refusing to act under it altogether, doing what we can to overthrow it and substitute another Constitution in its place. That seems to me to be the honest, open, fair, above-board course, to be taken in a case like this.

Voting under the Constitution is a definite thing, which is decided by the character of the Constitution, and the laws under it, and we cannot make it anything else, by any opinion in our own minds. It is a thing which we ought not to do. We have the highest Constitutional authority in this country, the Chief Justice Marshall, that the Constitution of the U. S. is created anew every time the people go to the ballot-box; and he says that, whenever the people cease to vote, the Constitution would die, for want of breath.

The Constitution is renewed, is created afresh, every time a man goes and places his vote in the ballot-box. That is the breath of its nostrils, the life-blood which circulates through its veins.

I do not think this course, which has been proposed, is consistent with the principles which we have laid down; and I am confident that it would be mischievous, so far as had any effect at all. I do not believe that it would be adopted to any considerable extent; and if it were, I think that it would lower our position, would injure our standing and relations to the world. We shall gain nothing, we have gained nothing, by the attempts which we have made to show our numbers, because our numbers are few. Our physical force is nothing in this nation; but our moral power is omnipotent. The moral power of the Anti-Slavery movement has changed the aspect of the nation, has produced political results, such as no other revolution has done. And it has not been by voting, by the force of numbers, but by the power of truth, told in love and in fidelity. In that method I still believe; that philosophy, held and holding that philosophy, believing in that method, until my opinion is changed by argument, I shall decline assenting to the plan proposed by my friend, implied in this resolution, and shall continue to act in the manner in which I have ever done since the commencement of the cause.

The Drowning of Six Hundred Slaves.

In the year of 1830, there was hovering on the African coast, a large clipper-brig called the *Brillante*, commanded by a desperado named Homans. Homans was an Englishman by birth, and was known along the whole coast and in Cuba, as the most successful slaver of his day. The brig was owned by two men residing in Havana, one an Englishman, and the other a Spaniard. She was built to carry six hundred negroes, and in her, Homans had made ten successful voyages, actually landing in Cuba five thousand negroes! The brig carried ten guns, had thirty sweeps, and a crew of sixty Spaniards, most of them old pirates, as desperate as their commander. An English brig-of-war, which attacked her, was so cut up in hull and rigging, that she was abandoned and soon after sank. An English sloop of war attempted to carry the *Brillante* with boats, which were beaten off with great slaughter. Now it was known that Homans was again on the coast, and it was resolved to make another attempt to take him with the evidence of his guilt on board.

The irons which clasped their wrists were then fastened by smaller chains to the links of the cable. It was slow work, but at the end of four hours, six hundred Africans, male and female, were bending over the rail of the brig, in a painful position, holding by their chained hands the huge cable which was attached to a heavy anchor, suspended by a single sling from the bow.

Homans himself examined the fastenings to see that every negro was strongly bound to the chain. This done, he ordered the men of the hold to be broken up, brought on deck, bound up in matting, and well filled with shot and thrown overboard. The work was completed an hour before daybreak, and now the only witness of Homans' crimes was attached to that fatal chain. Homans turned to the mate, and with a smile full of meaning, said in Spanish,

"Harr, take an axe and go forward. The wind will come off to us soon. Listen to the word, and when you hear it, cut the sling."

The men went forward, and Homans turned, and in vain endeavored to penetrate the darkness.

"I don't want to lose the niggers," he said, speaking aloud, "and yet I dare not wait until daylight. I wish I knew where the bounds were."

At that instant the report of a gun reached his ear, and then another, and another, and another, in different directions. The cruisers were firing signals.

"That's enough," exclaimed Homans, "I know where you are."

Then, raising his voice, he cried, "Harr, are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

In a few minutes the sails began to fill, and the vessel moved slowly through the water.

"How much water do you suppose we have here?" asked Homans, turning to the man at the wheel.

"Fifty fathoms, at least," was the reply.

"That will do," the slaver muttered, and he walked forward, and examined carefully the "chain gang," as he brutally termed his diabolical invention.

The negroes stood up piteously groans. For many hours they had bent over in this unnatural position, by which they were suffering the keenest torture.

The breeze strengthened, and the *Brillante* dashed like a racer over the deep. Homans hailed from the quarter deck, while his men, collected in groups, saw unmoved the consummation of the plan.

"Are you ready, Harr?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Homans looked round, and into the darkness, which was fast giving way to the morn. Then he thundered out,

"Strike!"

There was the sound of a single blow, a heavy plunge, and, as the cable fell off the side, a crash, above which arose one terrible shriek—it was the last cry of the murdered Africans. One moment more, and all was still. Six hundred human beings had gone down with that anchor and chain into the depths of the ocean!

Two hours after daybreak the *Brillante* was overhauled. There was no evidence that she was a slaver, and her captors were obliged to let her pass. The instructions to cruisers at that time did not allow a vessel to be captured unless negroes were found on board.

Christian Slaveholders.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal, thus speaks of some Christian Slaveholders she met in the South:

MR. RIDDLE:—*

* * * A christian voluntarily acquires slaves under a law which prevents his emancipating them, then pleads that law as an excuse for holding them; nay, christians make the laws which they say prevents their keeping the laws of God. Christians keep slaves because they cannot get rid of them, and for the good of the slave.

If they would give them opportunity to get a ticket on the under-ground rail road, the first objection concerns can get up—for the downfall of Popery and Prelacy, but not a word about slavery—for the "bringing in of the Jews, together with the greater fullness of the Gentile nations;" but not a word about the gentiles we have looked out. Most of our preachers are like the Priest and Levite when they come to Mason and Dixon's line—to the people who have fallen among thieves—they pass by on the other side, and then come to us with their cant—their zeal for the purity of the church, and its worship, just as if saying long prayers and contending about the meaning of words, while all have their feet upon the necks of those whom they are trampling into perdition, could be any worse.

But I may as well quit here, for I should never get done; and again call the attention of our religious presses, all of them, to the question, "Shall we give the Bible to the millions of slaves."

all the months I knew him, and weary months before, a stout iron collar—the only one I ever saw—with a projection at the back and front, and one at each side by the handle or tail, which stood up over his head farther than he could reach, and was an iron rod as thick as my smallest finger. The cellar and handle must have weighed full five pounds, and was so formed that I never could tell how the child lay down. It was kept on him because he would run away, and as christians keep slaves because "they can't get rid of them," what could the deacon do with one that would not stay? Mr. Riddle, neither you nor Mr. Annan need try to improve my logic in this, for it must be sound, it could not have stayed so long in use.

There was another church there, where they sang David's psalms without a fiddle—that is the white folks—but the black members of the families—the young ones—had the same psalms which the boys belonging to the hymn-singing neighbors had.

* * * We used to have some laughing about the old preacher who started an inquiry about the relative value of souls on Coal Hill and souls in Pittsburgh; but I would like to know if a soul in Asia is worth more than a soul in Georgia; or one in China than one in Alabama. Our christians have rejoiced in the murders and cruel wars of Britain in those two countries because they changed the laws which kept the Bible from reaching the people; while they make and uphold laws to create darkness—to keep the lamp of life from those whom the Kentucky Presbytery has pronounced "a nation of heathen in our midst."

Ask our Northern churches to interfere for our own "perishing heathen," and the laws of your country is the answer: "churches have no right to interfere with the laws of the country."

The light of Truth is not to be pouted upon the sightless orbs of the slaves in one overpowering flood, but let in upon them with the wise moderation of experienced Oculists.

The *Bread of Life* is not to be set before their starving souls in all its plenitude, but doled out scientifically, lest, peradventure, they feed unto repetition, and so perish.

A peck of spiritual corn per week will be measured out to them for the sustenance of their souls, only this provender will be ready cooked to their hands. A class of spiritual overseers will be established to keep the souls of the slaves in such repair as will put their bodies into the best working order. These new Apostles will have their hearers at a deadly advantage. Their conversions must needs outlast those of their less fortunate brethren.

The cartwhip in one hand must greatly facilitate the reception of the gospel by the other. The minister who can have a dilatory convert tied up by the thumbs and flogged at his discretion, must of necessity have a prevailing influence over the outpouring of the Spirit. We shall look for an extended Revival over the whole Southern country.

The promoters of this Scheme of Salvation need dismiss from their minds the hopes they have expressed, that the Abolitionists will have their mouths stopped by it; as well as their fears that it will be "conceding too much" to that impracticable generation.

They understand this game too well. They understand, as well as the masters, that Religion with proper safeguards, is better for a nigger than the best laundryman can eat.

A professor of religion always brings more on the auction-block than an impudent sinner.

A minister of the Gospel is worth any money, especially if he, literally, as well as metaphorically, belongs to the church as to the world.

Heaven and Hell, as set forth by ministers of sound principles, are better instruments for extorting toil and obedience, than cat-o'-nine tails and branding irons.

We are not at all surprised at this movement of the Slaveholders. They were ever a crafty generation.

But any people at the North should be simple enough not to see through so very transparent a pretense as this, and to rejoice in the belief that Slaveholders can impart Christianity to their slaves, when its true teaching would show them at once their equal rights with their masters, is passing strange.

But, luckily, the reign of Hubug is not over. And, thank Heaven, all the fools are not dead, yet—q. q.

JANE G. SWISSELM.

From the *Liberator.*

Religious Instruction of Slaves.

The city of Charleston has lately been illustrated by the planting of a germ of a great Missionary Enterprise. The great A. B. C. of American Apostleship will now be met in the Field of the World's Conversion by the X. Y. Z. (or whatever other alphabets the new Board may be designated by) of Southern Sainthood. And between them both they will be the Alpha and Omega of American Christianity, and accomplish the whole Alphabet of Godliness.

They who sit in the Scoffer's Seat have often girded at that incorporation of our country's Piety, the American Board of Commissioners, because they have expended their labors on Heathen hearts on the other side of the globe, while they left uncared for a whole nation of Heathen in their own country.

And it has seemed as if they regarded the claims of the Antipodes upon their Christian offices as greater than those of their neighbors.

As if their love to the perishing souls was in the geometrical ratio of the distances at which they were from them. As if the earth's diameter were an essential conductor of their electric zeal to their converts' hearts.

But difficulties were in the way of those holy men, compared with which the production of a few million of black souls was of little consequence. The Board of the Representative of American Religion—of that Religion which overshadows our whole beloved country, South as well as North, and binds the entire country together in a Glorious Union, One and Inseparable, Now and Forever!

It should not be expected that the Permanence of such a Union, the Peace of the Church, and the Comfort of the Ministry should be endangered merely for the salvation of a few negroes.

It should not be expected that the main point of the A. B. C. M. is still the criminality of withholding the Gospel light from souls sitting in darkness, which cannot attain unto salvation without it.

We know this used to be the argument, when, in our youth, "after the most straitest sect of our religion we were brought up" at Andover, and had to go (for which we sins?) to the Monthly Concert.

The painful necessity, however, of delivering over sable souls to be buffeted for the eternal good of olive and copper-colored ones, (on the principle, we suppose, that Sir Mungo Malagrowther used to be flogged for the royal benefit of King Jamie,) is now happily about to be superseded. The Saints of the South have taken the matter in hand themselves, to the great comfort and edification of

From the *National Era.*

THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN THE U. S.

The Attorney General of the State of Louisiana has pronounced the Declaration of Independence "a hubug," and Caleb Cushing, late of Massachusetts, has made the discovery, announced in his Fourth of July Oration, "in General Arista's garden," that the Revolutionary War was not a war for Liberty.

That such were not the views of the men of the Revolution, seems sufficiently manifest.</p

Brown's Narrative.

The following is an extract from the Narrative of W. W. Brown.

Toward the latter part of the summer, Captain Reynolds left the boat, and I was sent home. I was then placed on the farm under Mr. Haskell, the overseer. As I had been some time out of the field, and not accustomed to work in the burning sun, it was very hard; but I was compelled to keep up with the best of the hands.

I found a great difference between the work in a steamboat cabin and that in a corn-field.

My master, who was then living in the city, soon after returned to the farm, when I was taken out of the field to work in the house as a waiter. Though his wife was very peevish, and hard to please, I much preferred to be under her control than the overseer's. They brought with them Mr. Sloane, a Presbyterian minister; Miss Martha Tully, a niece of theirs from Kentucky; and their nephew William. The latter had been in the family a number of years, but the others were all new-comers.

Mr. Sloane was a young minister, who had been at the South but a short time, and it seemed as if his whole aim was to please the slaveholders, especially my master and mistress. He was intending to make a visit during the winter, and he not only tried to please them, but I think he succeeded admirably. When they wanted singing, he sang; when they wanted praying, he prayed; when they wanted a story told, he told a story. Instead of his teaching my master theology, my master taught theology to him. While I was with Captain Reynolds, my master "got religion," and new laws were made on the plantation. Formerly, we had the privilege of hunting, fishing, making split brooms, baskets, &c. on Sunday; but this was all stopped. Every Sunday, we were all compelled to attend meeting. Master was so religious, that he induced some others to join him in hiring a preacher to preach to the slaves.

My master had family worship, night and morning. At night, the slaves were called in to attend; but in the mornings, they had to be at their work, and master did the praying. My master and mistress were great lovers of mint julep, and every morning, a pitcher-full was made, of which they all partook freely, not excepting little master William. After drinking freely all round, they would have family worship, and then breakfast. I cannot say but I loved the julep as well as any of them, and during the prayer, was always careful to seat myself close to the table where it stood, so as to help myself when they were all busily engaged in their devotions. By the time prayer was over, I was about as happy as any of them. A sad accident happened one morning. In helping myself, and at the same time keeping an eye on my old mistress, I accidentally let the pitcher fall upon the floor, breaking it in pieces, and spilling the contents. This was a bad affair for me; for as soon as prayer was over, I was taken and severely chastised.

My master's family consisted of himself, his wife, and their nephew, William Moore. He was taken into the family, when only a few weeks of age. His name being that of my own, mine was changed, for the purpose of giving precedence to him, though I was his senior by ten or twelve years. The plantation being four miles from the city, I had to drive the family to church. I always dreaded the approach of the Sabbath; for, during service, I was obliged to stand by the horses in the hot broiling sun, or in the rain, just as it happened.

One Sabbath, as we were driving past the house of D. D. Page, a gentleman who owned a large baking establishment, as I was sitting upon the box of the carriage which was very much elevated, I saw Mr. Page pursuing a slave around the yard, with a long whip, cutting him at every jump. The man soon escaped from the yard, and was followed by Mr. Page. They came running past us, and the slave perceiving that he would be overtaken, stopped suddenly, and Page stumbled over him, and falling on the stone pavement, fractured one of his legs, which crippled him for life. The same gentleman, but a short time previous, tied up a woman of his, by the name of Delphia, and whipped her nearly to death; yet he was a Deacon in the Baptist church, in good and regular standing. Poor Delphia! I was well acquainted with her, and called to see her while upon her sick bed; and I shall never forget her appearance. She was a member of the same church with her master.

Soon after this, I was hired out to Mr. Walker; the same man whom I have mentioned as having carried a gang of slaves down the river, on the steamboat Enterprise. Seeing me in the capacity of steward on the boat, and thinking that I would make a good hand to take care of slaves, he determined to have me for that purpose; and finding that my master would not sell me, he hired me for the term of one year.

When I learned the fact of my having been hired to a negro speculator, or a "soul-drinker" as they are generally called among slaves, no one can tell my emotions. Mr. Walker had offered a high price for me, as I afterwards learned, but I suppose my master was restrained from selling me by the fact that I was a near relative of his. On entering the service of Mr. Walker, I found that my opportunity of getting to a land of liberty was gone, at least for the time being. He had a gang of slaves in readiness to start for New Orleans, and in a few days we were on our journey. I am at a loss for language to express my feelings on that occasion. Although my master had told me that he had not sold me, and Mr. Walker had told me that he had not purchased me, I did not believe them; and not until I had been to New Orleans, and was on my return, did I believe that I was not sold.

There was on the boat a large room on the lower deck, in which the slaves were kept, men and women, promiscuously—all chained two and two, and a strict watch kept that they did not get loose; for cases have occurred in which slaves have got off their chains, and made their escape at landing-places, while the boats were taking in wood;—and with all our care, we lost one woman who had been taken from her husband and children, and having no desire to live without them, in the agony of her soul jumped overboard, and drowned herself. She was not chained.

It was almost impossible to keep that part of the boat clean.

On landing at Natchez, the slaves were all carried to the slave-pen, and there kept one week, during which time, several of them

were sold. Mr. Walker fed his slaves well. We took on board, at St. Louis, several hundred pounds of bacon (smoked meat) and corn-meal, and his slaves were better fed than slaves generally were in Natchez, so far as my observation extended.

At the end of a week, we left for New Orleans, the place of our final destination, which we reached in two days. Here the slaves were placed in a negro-pen, where those who wished to purchase could call and examine them. The negro-pen is a small yard, surrounded by buildings, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, with the exception of a large gate with iron bars. The slaves are kept in the buildings during the night, and turned out into the yard during the day. After the best of the stock was sold at private sale at the pen, the balance were taken to the Exchange Coffee House Auction Rooms, kept by Isaac L. McCoy, and sold at public auction. After the sale of this lot of slaves, we left New Orleans for St. Louis.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FAIRFAX JONES:

I see by the account given by you of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Salem, that the Society has made but little progress, and that little "backward." It is not in the nature of organizations to make progress, and it is hardly fair to expect or ask it, seeing that none exhibit the novel spectacle of advancing forward. It is not quite true perhaps, that any society is making any permanent steps backward. If they only remain stationary, those who are *really* progressing may think them retrograding; as stationary objects on the highway seem to recede as we move off from them. Where is the individual who can point out one element in these organizations, from which we might look for progress, as the legitimate and necessary result? The natural tendency, if not the design, of all organizations is, to prevent progress.

A number of individuals agree in some grand idea. They are at first naturally drawn together, as by the affinity of particles. They discuss it, enlarge upon it, and finally conclude that they know all that can be known in that direction. So sure are they of this, that they are not willing to trust the next generation, not even willing to trust themselves the next year, or month. So then they put it down in imperishable black and white, "thus far shall thou go and no farther," and here, thou ever rolling tide of mind "shalt thy proud waves be staid." Hence, creeds, disciplines, constitutions—hence, churches, political parties, governments. In settling new questions, appeal is not now made to reason, but to the written word, to precedents, to creeds, to disciplines, to the "wisdom of our fathers." Notwithstanding we have improved opportunities for forming a correct judgment, we must set it aside when it comes in conflict with theirs. Thus every loyal subject of these organizations is chained down to the past. The ardor of his benevolent feelings toward suffering humanity is so cooled down by sectarian and party selfishness, that it never rises to the acting point. His most fervent yearnings for his oppressed brothers and sisters, must be smothered within his bosom at the bidding of this irresponsible power. Every independent step he takes in advance of the body, is at the expense of his loyalty and subjects him to liability of dismemberment—to the anathemas of those in power. Organizations may, and do, sometimes occupy a higher position than they did at some former period of their existence; but we have yet to see the power that constitutes the organizations, pronouncing any thing like innovation—any thing calculated to better humanity, and restrict its own power over the individual. Any change that is made for the better, is always through individual exertion, against all the opposition that the organization can present, until resistance is no longer avail, and then it slowly, reluctantly pulls up its stakes, deeply rooted in sectarian ground, only to transplant them as firmly, and in soil as barren, and sectarian, as that from which, by the long and arduous labor of the reformer, they have been uprooted. This is only re-organization; and the new one varies but little from the old in its objects, and contains no new element.

A vast amount of well meant effort is lost in this fruitless attempt to reform these institutions. There is no individual worthy the name of reformer, who is so tame and conservative as to talk about reforming the institutions of War and Slavery. Because these institutions are intrinsically wrong, containing no redeeming principle, their immediate and entire expulsion is demanded by all genuine philanthropists. Would it not be better, then, to waste no labor in attempting to reform the organizations of the day, whether political or religious, but demand, as we do of other intrinsic evils, their immediate and entire abandonment? For, when we take away the power which one set of individuals exercise over others, we remove every characteristic of the organization itself.

In regard to that branch of the Society of Friends, who recently held their Yearly Meeting in Salem, I only wish to say, that those who attended last year, at Mt. Pleasant could not expect them to make further progress. They, in common with other religious societies, are greatly under the influence of their preachers. Dr. Schooley, an intelligent, and rather popular preacher amongst them, in a very solemn and impressive discourse, at the close of the meeting, urged them "not to fly off in a tangent," but re-

main in the Society—that although they could not accomplish much, it was the duty of all to make "concessions." His position amounted to this: that although you belong to an organization of Slaveholders, Drunks, Murderers, and all manner of evil doers, you must make "concessions," but remain in membership with them, because it is possible yet to reform them. He drew their attention to the fact, that some years ago the Society of Friends held slaves, and were in those who wished to purchase could call and examine them. The negro-pen is a small yard, surrounded by buildings, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, with the exception of a large gate with iron bars. The slaves are kept in the buildings during the night, and turned out into the yard during the day.

After the best of the stock was sold at private sale at the pen, the balance were taken to the Exchange Coffee House Auction Rooms, kept by Isaac L. McCoy, and sold at public auction. After the sale of this lot of slaves, we left New Orleans for St. Louis.

S. S. FOSTER, L. O. HATCH, J. W. WALKER, and J. R. BOWLES, will attend the following Anti-Slavery Conventions:

Fitchville, Huron co., October 5th & 6th. Savannah, Ashland co., " 7th & 8th. Ashland, " " 9th & 10th. All these meetings will commence at 10 A. M.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, OCTOBER 1, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut stas.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

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SAML. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

"Learn to Labor and to Wait."

There are some who have engaged in the anti-slavery reform under the influence of a temporary excitement, without having any definite idea of the labor they would be expected to perform, or the discouragement that awaited them. Such have done well for a time, have been zealous and enthusiastic while the excitement lasted, but soon relapsed into their former indifference and apathy. These are not the kind of material of which Reformers are made. They have no inclination to learn the two great lessons which every true man must learn; to labor with zeal, with perseverance, with steadfastness; and to wait in faith, in hope, in patience.

Dr. Schooley is certainly right in supposing that the Society's existence depends upon "concessions." If each individual acts out his own convictions, in opposition to the will of the body, the Society is virtually annihilated. Nor will any comeouters deny, that we may innocently meet with the worst of men, for the sake of reforming them. But the great mistake of Dr. Schooley, it seems to me, consists in asking every member to make "concessions" in matters involving important moral principles. Concession, in this case, means for the conceding members to do that which their own best judgment says ought not to be done, and leave undone that which they believe ought to be done—to become the willing, pliant tools of a corporation confessedly wrong.—To do thus is no doubt genuine Quakerism, but it is foreign to the spirit of reform, it is cold-hearted conservatism, it is loving sect better than truth, old, lifeless forms, better than the living substance.

Some of the members, professedly reformatory, say they remain in connection with the body to reform it, and yet will disown a member for marrying "out of the order of Society," an act to which they do not themselves attach the least criminality. It is right for the "body" to disown a member for a confessedly innocent act, but a member may not disown the body, though its members commit the most flagrant crimes that blacken the character of man. These are some of the excellencies of modern Quakerism.

WM. E. LUKENS.

COLERAIN, September, 18, 1847.

FRINEDS EDITORS:

That faithful friend of humanity, Lucretia Mott, convened a meeting in Mt. Pleasant on Thursday last. Now, although there are no less than six or seven religious synagogues in the place, yet not one of them could be opened to receive her. Even the colored people could not be prevailed upon to open their house, (which is new) because they said if they did, and she should happen to preach against slavery, they could not so easily get it paid for, on account of their white fellow christians withholding their donations. But the religionists of the place, not content with this, used their efforts to prevent the people from attending, by circulating reports that she was an infidel, an Abby Kelleyley, and was travelling without the unity of her Friends at home. Such is Mt. Pleasant—a town which, if you were to judge from the number of its churches and religious communicants, you would think one of the most christian places in the world. Yet, notwithstanding all opposition, a few of the most liberal inhabitants of the town and country, met in the yard of the Quaker Yearly Meeting house, and listened to a most able and eloquent discourse from Lucretia. She touched on Women's Rights, Sectarianism, War, Slavery, and Capital Punishment; and I presume there were none who heard her (if they were not too much priest-ridden) who did not go away perfectly satisfied that so far from advocating any thing like infidelity, she preached true christian doctrine. I fear that this part of the Anti-Slavery field is too much neglected. We need something to stir up the people—to set them to thinking.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, (Orthodox division) convened here last week. And although they are such great sticklers for the "quiet," and profess so much "peace and love," yet more disorder and hatred, I think, is seldom manifested than was on that occasion. And though they could quarrel for nearly a week about whether Joseph John Gurney disseminated "unsound doctrines," yet they would not deign to utter a single syllable against the unsound principle that keeps three millions of their fellow countrymen in the most cruel bondage.

If you think this worth an insertion in your excellent paper, give it one and oblige. Yours, for the overthrow of pro-slavery churches,

JOHN W. NEWPORT.

Indiana State A. S. Society.

A portion of the members of this Society—and an inconsiderable number we should judge—must be abolitionists somewhat after the Macedon Lock pattern, though we confess we are unable to determine whether they embrace the whole nineteen points of Goodellism, or of how many articles their creed consists. At the anniversary meeting of the Society last year, a resolution was adopted in favor of the Bible, which would have been very proper in a Bible Society, but rather extraneous matter for abolitionists to take hold of in an anti-slavery organization.—Since then, one of its auxiliaries came out against war, not simply the war waged with Mexico for the extension of slavery, but against all war. Very proper business this in a Peace Society, but not exactly the business for an anti-slavery meeting.

We are glad to find that our friend keeps a bold heart within him; and that as his mobbing multiplies, his subscription list increases. We once heard an estimate made of how many subscribers a mobbing was worth to an editor, but have forgotten the number—perhaps friend Hull can tell.

in a correct public sentiment which it appears Vicksburg, Miss., and Cambridge, Ohio, are destitute of. If the people want mob-law, they will have it, Constitution or no Constitution; if they want free speech, they will have that, Constitution or no Constitution. We have the theory of free speech in this country, plenty of it, but when it comes to be reduced to practice it is very much like the freedom of a certain witness who was told he might think and speak what he pleased, provided he thought as the court did.

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"Rough and Ready."

The publishers of a paper bearing the above name, and which advocates the elevation of Gen. Taylor to the Presidential chair, have sent us a copy of their journal, with a request that we aid them in extending its circulation. If we were members of the U. S. Government, the request would not be out of place, for Gen. Taylor is well qualified to represent it as its Chief Magistrate. If this were a Christian government, there would be a propriety in having Christian rulers, but seeing that it is otherwise, we could not wish the people to be guilty of so great an inconsistency as electing men who fear God to administer a government that defies Him.

The U. S. government is based on the power of the sword. It claims the right to make war; to shoot, stab, cut, and kill its enemies, whether foreign or domestic, whether slaves or freemen; to demolish cities, to blow up forts, and to ravage provinces. And that man who is the most dexterous in doing these things, whose skill and determination have marked him as chief murderer, is above all others, the man to represent the nation in the Presidential chair.

It is proper too, that a government which owes so much to slavery and to which slavery owes so much, should be represented by a man-stealer as well as a man-killer. None but a plantation tyrant, or the tool of a plantation tyrant could have it in his heart to watch the three millions of slaves that crouch upon our soil, to repress every outbreak of freedom and crush every aspiration for liberty. We challenge the world to point to any man who is better qualified for this work than Gen. Taylor. Being himself a slaveholder, his love for the system may not be questioned; and he who doubts his will to act, need but refer to the history of the Florida slave-hunts, where Gen. Taylor and his imported blood-hounds were alike devoted, energetic and sagacious.

If the members of this man-killing, slaveholding government would be consistent, let them choose for their ruler the great man-stealer and man-stealer Gen. Taylor; but as we refuse to take any part or lot with them, we will cast our influence against them, and against the foul spirit that would do his homage.

Disunion Ballots.

As will be seen in another column, S. S. Foster proposes to consider, in a meeting called for that purpose, the propriety of nominating candidates for the ballots of the Disunionists. Our friend attaches much importance to this plan. The sincerity of his purpose no one will doubt—none who are fully acquainted with his character will ever question his sterling integrity, and untiring devotion to the cause of human rights. He may be right in this matter, yet we can but feel that he is altogether wrong. If voting at the ballot box involved no violation of Disunion principles, (and we think it does) as a question of expediency, we should give it our unqualified disapprobation. Still, let the proposition be duly considered, that its merits or demerits may be fully brought to view.—We hope there will be a large number in attendance, and trust that there will be also successful opposition to the measure. On our first page will be found a speech of Edmund Quincy's on this subject, made at a meeting of the Massachusetts Society last winter.

LUCRETIA MOTT.—It will be seen by a letter from a correspondent in the Southern part of the State, that this preacher of practical righteousness was unable to gain admission into any meeting house in Mt. Pleasant.—Even the colored people shut her out, fearing that she might speak against slavery, and thus interfere with the beggar operation by which they expected to raise money to pay for their house. We are sorry they felt compelled to do as their masters would have them; but in this they resemble the white slaves of sect and priest, and by their pro-slavery position and subserviency to the slave power give undoubted evidence of their close relationship to those whose example they follow.

Mr. Pleasant, if we mistake not, is a very religious place, and no doubt a very pleasant one to the venerable Father Cloots, whom its inhabitants so dearly love.

IT IS RUMORED that Parades is at the head of a Mexican army, and has declared against Santa Anna and Peace. If this be true, as it probably is, a treaty with Santa Anna will be far from the concluding act in Polk's Drama of "Conquering a Peace."

To Correspondents.

P. R. The letter containing his name was laid aside by mistake—it is now entered on our books.

J. E. P. The missing article is recovered—she can obtain it by calling here.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—Dr. Delany, editor of the Pittsburg Mystery, who recently adopted, if we mistake not, Disunion ground, is advertised as an invited speaker at a Liberty party convention soon to be held in Western Pennsylvania. Does the Dr. go for Disunion or Liberty party, or a little of both?

—A prospectus for a new Phonographic paper will be found in another column.

Virginia.

The Richmond Republican speaks of the condition of this State in the following manner:—

"Neglect and decay seem to have laid their hands upon the commerce, the enterprise, and the education of this old Commonwealth. Its noble harbors, with here and there a straggling sail, look like huge 'banquet halls, deserted.' Its beautiful rivers are impeded and their value impaired by obstructions, which the least exertion of enterprise would remove. Its boundless water power, sufficient to propel more manufacturers than old England can boast, waste themselves in the sea. Its principal work of improvement, the J. R. Canal, crawls onward with snail-like pace, and when it draws nigh the Blue Ridge, pauses for years, as if the shadow of the mountain had chilled it to the centre. Its Legislative charters, long and anxiously sought, seem to be, when granted, objects of distrust. Fortune presents her flower favors, but we hesitate to grasp them with a strong hand, lest they conceal some unobserved thorns. Our principal cities remain almost stationary, while many of our villages have the dilapidated, ancient look of towns 'gone to seed.' And, amid all this, ignorance prevails to an unprecedented extent, some eighty thousand of our people not being able to read the title deeds of their salvation and their freedom, if they were put into their hands."

And of the remedy, it says:—

"What Virginian can think of these things without resolving to put forth every power of body and mind for the regeneration of a Commonwealth with which Ohio can bear no comparison in the extent and variety of her natural advantages? There is an abundance of wealth on the soil—there is a superabundance of energy in the Virginia character, if it be only rightly directed, to make this Commonwealth, what the God of Nature designed her, the greatest, wealthiest, and most powerful member of the American Confederacy. If her people could only have a breathing spell from party politics for eight years—if, during that time, they would permit the resolutions of '93—99 to take a profound nap, and instead of discussing abstractions, dig ditches, lay down iron rails, and build school houses, we should have a State worthy the name, the bright traditions, and the illustrious destiny of the OLD DOMINION."

The remedy don't look deep enough.—Virginians will not "dig ditches, lay down iron rails, and build school houses" while slavery is present to curse their every effort.

It is not so much Virginia abstractions or party politics that have made the Old Dominion what it is, as Virginia branding irons, Virginia slave whips, Virginia drivers and Virginia man-stealing. If her people wish to be great, let them first become just and honest.

Trumbull Democracy.

A Convention of the Simon Pure Democracy of Trumbull was recently held at Warren and adopted the following resolutions.

Whereas, Our country engaged in the prosecution of a just, righteous and victorious war against a foreign foe, agitated and crippled at home by a treasonable opposition and factious spirit of dissolution, calls upon every lover of national weal to stand forth and fearlessly vindicate those immutable principles upon which a firm reliance in times past by, has given us the ascendant among the nations of the earth. Therefore,

Resolved, That our war with Mexico was aggressive on her part, forced on us by her robbery, imprisonment and murder of our citizens, the plunder of our commerce, the violation of treaties, and the most sordid compacts, and the invasion of our territory, which made an appeal to arms the last resort to appease a nation's honor and interpose the broad axis of a constitutional security to our people.

Resolved, That while we deprecate the existence of hostile relations with our sister republic, every sentiment of justice and patriotism alike prosecutes a most vigorous prosecution of the war to an early and honorable peace.

Resolved, That our Chief Magistrate has pursued a judicious, consistent, and patriotic course, which merits our full approbation in his conduct of our Mexican difficulties, and that we have firm confidence in his wisdom and ability to consummate the glory of our arms by an honorable peace.

As truthful chroniclers, however painful the task imposed, it is proper that we should give as truthful a picture as possible of the scourge which, at present, like the bosome of destruction, is sweeping from amongst us to the recesses of their last cold resting place the high and the low, the old residents and the stranger, those struggling with indigence and those revelling in luxury—the daily laborer and the gentleman of ease—the prudent, the abstemious, and the dissipated—the pious and the reckless—the pure and the defiled—youth and age—the honest and the beautiful! All, without distinction of class, are falling beneath the attack, or feeling the influence of the invisible enemy now hovering with vampire-like wings in our midst, and poisoning the air which we inhale.

Acquaintances are sinking around us whom we have known for years, and who thought themselves proof against the fatality of the attack. We shake hands, as it were, to day with some one with whom we are intimate—the sun sinks and rises again—he is rolling in agony on his sick-bed, and in a few hours more carried off to his eternal home.

Still we think the publication unnecessary, and regard the expenditure which it involves as absolutely thrown away. Were we ourselves an infidel, we should counsel its discontinuance. If its object is to bring Christianity into contempt, we humbly submit that such papers as the *New York Observer*, its Philadelphia namesake, the *Southern Religious Herald*, the *Christian Index*, the *Boston Olive Branch*, and other similar journals, are doing this more rapidly and effectually than a hundred avowed infidel periodicals could do. Against the latter, men are on their guard, and they are seldom admitted into religious families. But the former have free access to all, and week after week instill their subtle poison into a thousand youthful minds, distorting and dwarfing them with their monstrous inculcations, till they can scarcely think of God except as slaveholder, armed with whips, bowie knives and pistols—and man as necessarily a tyrant or a slave, as the accident of birth, power or fortune may determine. And what these professors fail to accomplish in their atheistical work, their allies, slaveholding professors of religion, war-justifying priests, and the least of two devils' theologians, stand ready to perform. Why publish infidel tracts and papers, when the ministers of a popular religion wrap its broad mantle around War, Slavery, Polygamy and all kindred abominations, vindicate devil-worship for at least one day in the year, and enthrone

—Circumstance, that unspiritual god And minister!—

in the place of the living Jehovah? Surely the man who retains his faith in Christianity, after reading such papers and hearing such teachers as we have named, is not very likely to be affected by anything that the Investigator can say. Why, then, should not the publishers of the latter devote their types to some different if not better purpose? The war-justifying and slavery-defending religionists of the day are doing all that can be done to destroy man's faith in God and his reverence for humanity. Atheism needs no more potent allies. The decay of Christianity must necessarily result from the prevalence of their influence.—*Chronicle*.

Sickening Horrors.

The Mexican news which we give in another place is most awful. A long list of cultivated, civilized, perhaps pious, and certainly intelligent men, officers in our army, have been killed and cut to pieces—slattered and mutilated, for no purpose worth the sacrifice of a night's sleep. The mass of common men—savages and noble hearted fathers, brothers, husbands, mixed with some unworthy reprobates, doubtless, who have been at the same time mauled, battered and torn to pieces, and thrown like so many dead dogs to the Mexican Turkey Buzzards, is almost beyond the power of imagination to compute. The beautiful brigade of citizen soldiers who yesterday displayed their pretty feathers on our Commonweal, were but a handful to the men killed on our side in these two battles. Yet if the whole of this brigade of ours had marched up to a patent guillotine under the big elm and had their heads chopped off, Boston would not have forgotten it for a century, and even our most unfeeling citizens would have been shocked as they saw the dead carcasses piled up into a huge island in the middle of the Frog Pond. Now, we take it all very calmly. Ten thousand briny rills will flow down the cheeks of the widows and orphans that are by this horrid butchery delivered over to despair, but we are a glorious and great country, and the world learns by this that we can fight!—as what nation can't?

Call it a victory! We confess it looks to us more as though the next news we should hear would be that the Mexicans having recovered breath had come down upon Scott's army weltering in its blood and overwhelmed it. We cannot see why, if the Mexicans were so completely routed, having appeared in greater force than was expected and made such fearful havoc of our men, Scott did not push on into the capital and take advantage of their panic. Either they were not completely routed, or Scott was not able to follow. The idea that the British embassy intervened to secure so favorable terms to the routed Mexicans is ridiculously absurd.—Manifestly the same reason induced General Scott to yield so easy an armistice, which governed Gen. Taylor at Monterey. But there is this difference, Gen. Taylor had actually captured all the strongholds of Monterey, while Gen. Scott had not set a foot into Mexico. If he was to enter Mexico, then was his time, when the Mexican Army was in flight. Mexico will not become less panic-stricken nor less tormented by delay, nor will Gen. Scott under the remarkable terms of the armistice become stronger.

Will a peace be advantageously negotiated on the basis of an armistice? We cannot see how. Will Mexico yield when she knows, or at any rate believes, that Scott has the power to advance? Surely, it will not be wonderful to hear that the man who claimed his defeat at Buena Vista as a victory, has glorified himself at this "repulse" of Gen. Scott.

But suppose our arms completely victorious. What have we gained to pay for the blood? All Mexico could not do it. But no part of Mexico can be ours, after all this expenditure of blood—till we pay for it. Our piety will not allow it. We cannot rob the conquered as the Romans did. What we shall be able to draw from the government of Mexico into our Treasury, will not pay its outgoes, to say nothing of the blood.—*Chronicle*.

Yellow Fever at New Orleans.

As truthful chroniclers, however painful the task imposed, it is proper that we should give as truthful a picture as possible of the scourge which, at present, like the bosome of destruction, is sweeping from amongst us to the recesses of their last cold resting place the high and the low, the old residents and the stranger, those struggling with indigence and those revelling in luxury—the daily laborer and the gentleman of ease—the prudent, the abstemious, and the dissipated—the pious and the reckless—the pure and the defiled—youth and age—the honest and the beautiful! All, without distinction of class, are falling beneath the attack, or feeling the influence of the invisible enemy now hovering with vampire-like wings in our midst, and poisoning the air which we inhale.

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But the circumstances in England and the "startling intelligence" which roused Mr. Tyler, not having been at all explained, it may perhaps be interesting to the general reader, as well as the politician, to have a brief page from an earlier chapter of the history.

In the year 1839 a young lawyer by the name of S. P. Andrews, who had pursued his profession for two or three years in New Orleans, removed to the city of Houston, in Texas, where he soon rose to high standing and influence at the Texas bar. The affairs of Texas at this time began to decline, and continued to deteriorate till 1848, when they reached the extreme point of trouble and embarrassment. The decline in the price of cotton was unprecedented. It went down in New Orleans to about six cents a pound, leaving it worth in some parts of the interior of Texas but four and a half cents. Lands sunk rapidly in value, and planters and people were discouraged and almost in despair. Many were preparing to leave the country and abandon it altogether.

At this crisis, Mr. Andrews proposed an expedient to bring back life and prosperity to the country. He told the people to abolish slavery, and their lands would rapidly rise in value. Emigrants from all Europe would flock to Texas. Thousands from the Northern United States would migrate to Texas, and thousands of the non-slaveholding people in the Southern States would also come, glad of the opportunity to enjoy a Southern climate and yet be free from slavery.—Texas would fill up with great rapidity, and the lands would command a high price. The planters owned immense tracts of land, and comparatively few slaves. A slight rise in the price of the land would more than pay for all the slaves. The reasoning was clear and conclusive, and many of the planters in the neighborhood of Houston embraced the doctrine and declared for abolition.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Andrews went to Galveston and promulgated the same views, but not with the same success. Perhaps the slaves owned in that neighborhood bore a greater proportion to the land than they did in the neighborhood of Houston. He addressed the people at a public meeting at the custom-house, and the meeting was adjourned till the next day. In the meantime there was much discussion and great excitement. When he repaired to the custom-house the next day to renew the discussion he was met by about twenty gentlemen, who informed him that a boat was waiting at the wharf to convey him off the island, and peremptorily directed him to step into it. He did so, followed by five of the company, who conveyed him across the channel. They sent to the hotel and paid his bill, brought him his baggage, and, warning him not to appear again at Galveston, dismissed him. This threw rather a damper upon the question of abolition, and though he did return to Galveston a few weeks after without molestation, he found so many opposed to his views that he saw little hope of carrying the measure through without the aid of funds to pay for a portion of the slaves.

In this state of things Mr. Andrews resolved to go to England and see if he could not get an influence at work there to ensure the success of his great object. Arrived at England, he immediately had an interview with Lord ABERDEEN and other members of her Majesty's Government. He wished to raise one million pounds sterling which would be sufficient to emancipate all the slaves in Texas at once. Or, if that sum could not be raised, he desired one-half the amount to be invested in Texas in any way that would with a little delay produce the same result. When he failed in both of these, his next plan was to induce the British Government to use its influence with the Government of Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas upon the condition that Texas would at once abolish slavery—which would be the means of accomplishing his object without money.

Of course the object of Mr. Andrews—the total abolition of slavery in Texas—was very favorably regarded in England, but it was at a time of very great depression and trouble in English finances, and there seemed to be little probability of doing any thing very readily in the way of raising funds. After a few months' delay, without any very definite progress, Mr. Andrews resorted to another expedient. He had an interview with Lord Brougham, and induced him to bring up the subject in Parliament. By this means he hoped to urge forward the influence of the British Government to induce Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas upon the condition of the abolition of slavery.—He believed also that a discussion in Parliament would operate in another direction to the same effect: he believed it would produce an excitement in the slaveholding States of this Union, and they would immediately make an attempt for the annexation of Texas. He had no idea that the attempt would be successful, nor did he desire it; but he believed the attempt itself would be another strong influence upon Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas.

President TYLER's version of the affair is, that he did it. He is willing to allow to General JACKSON (as well as "other auxiliaries who deserve to be noticed in connection with the matter") a good deal of praise for giving "to the action of the Executive his zealous and cordial support," but at the same time he declares that he "took the initiative without any previous consultation with that distinguished man." And, though he does not inform us how it happened that in "the early part of the Administration" the proposition of Texas for annexation was so coldly repelled as to induce his agent to withdraw it, with the declaration that Texas would never renew it, yet the lion-power of the Executive was roused at last by startling intelligence from London that left him "no room to doubt but that the eyes of foreign Powers were strained in that direction," and then he hide his Secretary at once "to break up and scatter to the winds the web of their intrigues by a direct proposal for annexation." He intended the grand leap should have been so secret and so sudden as to take land speculators and crowned heads equally by surprise. And, though the affair was delayed a little by providential circumstances, he at last brought it to a successful issue.

Accordingly Lord Brougham, in Parliament, incidentally put the inquiry to Ministers, "What is her Majesty's Government doing to promote the abolition of slavery in Texas?" His Lordship also took occasion to follow the question with sundry remarks, showing the great importance of the subject and the bearing it would naturally have upon slavery in the United States and throughout the world.

Lord ABERDEEN replied, in substance, that the Government was fully impressed with the importance of the subject, and that all proper measures which it was competent for Government to take would be adopted to promote so desirable an object.

The next packet of course brought to the

Receipts.

Wm. Dewey, Montville,	1.00-106
Edmund Smith, Penn,	1.50-136
Abraham Smith, do	1.50-163
Amer Hall, Pottsville,	2.75-139
H. T. Hambleton, Russellville,	1.50-162
Joe Wise, Petersburg,	1.00-145
Ellen Clark, Wadsworth,	25-132
Mary Ann Johnson, Iron River,	75-126
Wm. E. Lukens, Short Creek,	37-130
Julia A. Briggs, New Lisbon,	1.50-156
Ann M. Springer, do	1.50-156
Catharine Pitcairn, do	1.50-156
A. Alfred, do	1.50-156
E. S. Turner, Grafton,	1.50-152
Titus Gunn, do	2.00-129
J. S. Miller, Yellow Creek,	1.00-134
D. H. Hines, Brunswick,	1.00-103
Henry L. Bangs, Richfield,	1.00-107
Thos. Rhodes, Sharon,	1.00-155
D. H. Morgan, Bickerville,	1.00-141
T. Barnaby, Yellow Creek,	1.50-160
Albert Kittle, Granger,	1.00-124
Robt. English, Medina,	1.50-113
Jas. Brown, do	1.50-160
H. Booth, do	75-108
G. C. Chatfield, Sharon,	1.50-112
W. H. Crittenden, Grafton,	1.00-111
M. L. Ingerson, do	1.50-164
R. P. Lester, Medina,	1.50-163
Elizabeth Wallace, W. Middleton,	1.50-94
Cornelius Sherman, Brunswick,	1.00-158
Thos. S. Russell, Weymouth,	1.00-158
R. H. Coyell, Shamokin,	75-123

—About one half of the above payments were sent us several weeks ago by J. W. Walker, but accidentally the letter containing them was laid aside and forgotten. This will explain why several new subscribers, who ought before this to have received their paper, have been credited as commencing with the present number.

—Please take notice, that in the knowledge of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The ninth annual meeting of the Association will be held in Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month.

All persons interested in this important branch of anti-slavery labor, are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, Pres.

SARAH PECH, Sec.

GREAT CONVENTION!

—Blessed are the peace makers, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Believing that a mere profession of Christianity without a practical illustration of the divine principle taught by Jesus, in our actions, will make us only more obnoxious in the sight of God, and go to condemn rather than save us; and to promote the cause of "peace on Earth and good will to man," it is proposed to hold a Convention at Randolph, Portage Co., O., on Thursday and Friday, the 14th and 15th of October, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the advancement of this exalted principle.

The present is no time for the opponents of war, murder and physical punishment to be lethargic, whilst the war cry is heard on almost every breeze, whilst this Government is making repeated demands for more men for the Mexican butchery, whilst thousands are ready, eagerly and anxiously waiting an opportunity to commit deeds of darkness and foul daring, that they may glut themselves on the blood of their innocent and defenseless neighbors; whilst the most diabolical crimes may be committed under the sanction and with the entire approbation of this Government, if they are sanctified with the impious title of War. Whilst all these and more, are being continually committed, it only becomes the friends of peace to be slumbering on. Shall it be said that we are less active in the work of reform, than they in evil doing; if not, then each of us must feel that we have a work to do, and be attending to it.

Let us come at this call in numbers, and with a spirit that will make the wicked tremble; that they may know that we are determined, and having truth on our side we must and will succeed, come what may.

Our friends S. S. Foster, J. W. Walker, and several others will be present and add their influence and power to the meeting, and assist in the deliberations.

Elizabeth Stedman, Randolph,
Truman Case, do
Wm. Stedman, do
Amos Dresser, Oberlin,
Samuel Powers, New Lisbon,
K

POETRY.

For the Bugle.

Thinking and Working.

Let those who will, say labor is not food
For thought; to me it seemeth otherwise.
One may be mewed within the studio
And, seated at the desk with grasper pen
And the white sheet outspread, hope to receive
The thought-tracks, freely, from the finger
ends:
But no! the thoughts are gone, nor will they
come
Back at our bidding; if a glimpse appear,
'Tis gone with lightning speed. With ner-
vous hand
The pen is scratched—the forehead rubbed,
in hope
To rouse, as if from sleep, a bright idea.
'Tis vain; and there the stainless paper lies,
As if in mockery of the racking brain.

But while the willing hand plies at some
task
Of useful industry, when hand and heart
Unite for a good purpose, and together
Pursue their steady course, 'tis then
thoughts
Come forth—come willingly up, as from the
head
Of the clear fountain, filling up the mind—
Aye, the whole being—with an energy—
A thankfulness which, of itself, is happiness:
Then seize the pen, and freely thoughts will
flow
From off its point, with elegance and ease;
Then heart may speak to heart. Is it not
so?
Labor is noble. Mind cannot without
Its aid—nor can the body—be perfected.
Let labor then, and thought, go hand in hand,
And thus, pull down the aristocracy
Of idleness and wealth, which curses the
earth
In every clime, wherever it has found
A foothold, upon which to stand.

J. E. P.

For the Bugle.

To Frederick Douglass.

Man of the dark, yet noble brow,
Though tyrants proud have placed a ban
Upon thy race—I feel that thou
Art both a brother and a man!
Yes, brother, man, to me 'tis nought
That nature made thy brow less fair
Than mine; since eloquence and thought
Have left their noble impress there.
Hath not the Great Creator said,
In that blst book above all others,
That one blood all men are made—
That all mankind should live as brothers?
Then fear thou not the frown of pride,
But labor! labor with thy might,
With Truth and Justice on thy side,
Press onward in the moral fight,
Till the slaves' fetters all are riven,
Till all mankind shall freedom share,
And Ethiopia unto Heaven
Shall stretch her hands with praise and
prayer.

C. L. M.

Brecksville, 1847.

Home and Friends.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there are that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As Home and Friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd stoop to raise them!

For things afar still sweeter are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;

But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like Home and Friends around us.

WASING.—General D., who was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished upon personal cleanliness, complained upon a certain occasion to the late Chief Justice Bush, of the sufferings he endured from rheumatism, that learned and humorous judge undertook to prescribe a remedy.

"You must desire your servant," he said to the general, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh brush."

"Why," said the General, after a few minutes reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me to be neither more nor less than washing yourself!"

"Well," rejoined the judge, "it is open to that objection."

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket-woman in Covent garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I ax you pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank you to keep yer cheek away from that rose: ye'll put the lady out of count with the color of her flow-ers."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two young storekeepers, whose capital in trade was rather small, and who daily saw excellent opportunities for making money past unimproved for want of the means to embrace them, sat conversing about their future prospects. Their names were Felix Granger and Ellis Day. His manner was flattered; he had a look of wild elation. " Didn't I tell you so?" he exclaimed in a thick voice. " Didn't I say that I would draw a prize?" " You did," returned Day, calmly. " And I said true. I've got the twenty-five thousand dollar prize as certain as death."

"Indeed?"

"True as preachin'."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Aye! Twenty-five thousand dollars! Think of that, friend Day!"

And so caught the hand of his friend and almost crushed it in a vice-like grip.

"Ain't I a lucky dog? I always said I was born under a fortunate star, though I confess that I had to wait long before the right aspect came. But all in good time! I've no complaint to make. Twenty-five thousand dollars! Just think of that! Won't I do business now with a rush? Won't I show some of the sleepy ones in the trade a specimen of tall walking? Won't I?"

And for very want of breath the excited young man paused.

"What do you think of lotteries now?" he asked, after he had recovered himself a little. "Ain't you tempted to try your luck?"

"I think of them as I always did; I believe I shall not try my luck. I might be so unfortunate as to draw a prize."

"Are you crazy, Ellis Day?"

"Perhaps I am. But, seriously, I would rather go on as I am going than draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars. For slow and sure will bring all out right in the end; but with twenty thousand dollars thrown suddenly into my lap, I might, and no doubt be tempted to dash ahead at a rate so rapid as to be thrown headlong from my course, and be worse off than I was when I began the world with hope, energy, industry, and five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"And this you predict for me?"

"No. I predict nothing for you. I hope you will be wise and prudent in the use of the large sum of money that has come into your hands."

"Never fear for me. I know what I am about. Twenty-five thousand dollars is not a sum large enough to turn my brain."

It is worthy of remark that Granger said nothing more about lending his friend a few thousand dollars, as he had proposed in anticipation of a smaller prize than the one he had drawn. Not that he had forgotten his promise, voluntarily made, but ways in which he could use the whole amount of his now greatly increased capital immediately presented themselves, and instead of feeling that he had anything to spare, he felt that his operations could still be restricted within limits that it would be desirable to pass.

"Trust me for that," returned Granger. "Let me once get my fingers upon five, ten, or twenty thousand dollars, and you won't find me meddling with lottery tickets."

"I wouldn't trust any man," said Day.

"Not even yourself?"

"No, not even myself."

"Wouldn't you buy a ticket if you knew you would draw a prize?"

"As that is something what cannot be, I will answer neither in the affirmative nor negative. But my own impression is, that money obtained by means of lotteries never does any good."

"Why not?"

"For this reason: Money is a standard of value, and passes in society as a representative of some kind of property; which is a thing in itself useful to mankind—as houses, lands, produce, manufactures, etc. When we receive money in business, it represents a benefit we have conferred upon another. But when money comes through a lottery, it does not correspond to any benefit conferred, but is actually the correspondent of injury done to others; for hundreds have lost that one might gain. If a man in business accumulates ten thousand dollars, that sum has been received from perhaps more than a thousand different sources in return for wants supplied; but if a man draws ten thousand dollars in a lottery, he has received from a large number of persons their one, or two, or ten dollars without making them any return. Nothing has been produced; no want supplied. Society has been in no way benefited, but actually injured. The whole proceeding, from beginning to end, has been disorderly and detrimental. And I cannot but believe that the money so obtained will prove more a curse to any one than a blessing, and this because I hold that all evil in society reacts with pain against those who practice them."

"Give me ten thousand dollars and I will run all such risks," said Granger. "Somebody will get the prize, and I might just as well have it as any one. Come! Join me in a ticket. I have been looking over a first rate scheme, which is to be drawn day after to-morrow."

But Day shook his head and said "No, firmly."

"Well, if you won't, I will try my luck alone. The tickets are only five dollars."

That day Granger bought a ticket. A dozen times before the drawing of the lottery did he call in to see his friend Day, and as often did he mention what was uppermost in his mind—the prize he hoped to draw.

Day could not help smiling.

"You may laugh," returned the other, "but when you see me with ten or fifteen thousand dollars in hand you will not think me quite the fool you now do."

"If you should be so lucky, I prophecy that your ten or twenty thousand dollars will do you no good in the end. That in ten or twenty years you will be no better, but worse off in consequence of your prize."

"I'll risk it."

"No doubt you are perfectly willing to do so."

"And so would you be."

"I shall keep out of temptation at least by not buying a ticket," replied Day.

"If I could get more capital in my business in a perfectly legitimate way, I should be glad to do so, for then I could make larger and more profitable operations. But as I see no approved mode of obtaining this capital, I must be content to plod on as I am now going. It will all come out right in the end, I doubt not."

"I'll furnish you with more capital in a few days," said Granger laughingly.

"Very well. I'll give you good security and pay you a fair interest," was the laughing reply.

"But won't you be afraid of money drawn in a lottery?"

"No not to borrow it. But I would be afraid to draw it."

"Dividing a hair between north and northwest sides. A distinction without a difference."

"To me it is not. I can see a very great difference."

On the next day, late in the afternoon, Felix Granger came hurriedly into the store of Ellis Day. His manner was flattered; he had a look of wild elation.

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It's too slow work for me. I feel like a man trying to run with clogs upon his feet. The fact is, I must have more capital from somewhere. I'll tell you what I've more than double'd it in two years."

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form, and suffered much before it was fully accomplished.

A year from this time Granger led to the altar the daughter of a rich merchant, named Collins, who had enough pride, extravagance, and love of show to ruin any man willing to be influenced by her. Her father gave her a brilliant wedding party, and a house furnished in the most costly manner. The young couple started in life with some <